

## Sound Bridge

My son sings the *Lacrimosa* in Hodonin: joy-bright teens with a hundred Moravian choristers. Lurch and tangle, the holding, the letting-

go. Light in his eyes, love. Last part of the last piece Mozart transcribed, unfinished. We finish nothing. Others will complete what we have

started: parents, teachers, struck as by felt-covered hammers while they make notes from loss. Heart-flange, but no – *no hearts in poems*, says my novelist friend.

*Lacrimosa dies illa*: all day grief's weft across joy's warp. Quiet music: tension, strings and frame of what we can't teach, because we are still

learning: what I can't protect you from, can't come close to, must damper, love. Words untranslatable, but we feel their heft, close: light

as breath. As in the piano's belly, a bridge. The young composer, eight final mournful soaring bars, echoing Handel, Bach, solace, the stretch between

then and now. And now, if we are lucky, an angel strikes us into song. It's the same bridge to love, for us all: Mozart, Dylan, Rilke – *Who*,

*if I cried out, would hear me...?* The same question, same notes in new throats, same lesson strung across centuries, same wound strings out of a dark

cave. And angels, when we meet them, might whistle and have beards, or backpacks and Latin alight with gain, and again you feel you want to – *can almost* – sing.

(This poem collects fragments from Mozart's 'Lacrimosa', Rilke's 'Duino Elegies' and Bob Dylan's 'You Angel, You').